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This is doubtless a figurative description of the work. Vitruvius, however, in the preface to his seventh book says, that perspective was understood at a very early period. His words are, "Agathias, at the time when Æschylus taught at Athens the rules of tragic poetry, was the first who contrived scenery, upon which subject he left a treatise. This led Democritus and Anaxagoras who wrote thereon, to explain how the points of light and distance ought to guide the lines as in Nature, to a centre; so that by means of pictorial deception the real appearance of buildings appear on the scene, which painted on a flat vertical surface, seem nevertheless to advance and recede."

Its knowledge was considered as important in pictures as on the stage, and Pannphilus, who succeeded in establishing the celebrated school of design at Sycion, taught perspective publicly, and carried his opinion on this head to such an extent, that he considered no perfect painting could be executed without a knowledge of geometry. In this school the progressive course is said to have occupied ten years, and it can be readily imagined that what was here taught was taught thoroughly.

But first among the writers whose works have reached us, is the name of Bartolomeo of Milan, or Bramantino, from Bramante the architect, whose disciple he was. He wrote on the subject of perspective as early as 1440. He painted the birth of the Madonna, in the church of Santa Maria di Brera, with figures of prophets on the doors of the organ of that church. In this work, which has perished, the figures were said to have been admirably foreshortened, and there was a view in perspective exceedingly well done.

Pietro del Borgo, who died in 1443, probably wrote much earlier. But Baldassare Peruzzi, of Siena, who lived in the latter part of the fifteenth century, gave much attention to this science, and became highly distinguished for his attainments therein. He prepared the model of the present Farnesian Palace, at Rome, for the opulent and extravagant Agostino Chigi. The halls were adorned by this master with painted columns, the depth of the intercolumniation causing it to appear much larger than it really is. But the most remarkable part is the Loggia of the garden, wherein Baldassare has painted stories representing Medusa turning men into stone.

The decorations are painted in perspective to imitate stucco-work, and this is so perfectly done that even experienced artists have taken them to be work in relief. All these works are in excellent preservation; the cornices still appear to be in relief, and deceive all who see them. Instances of the skill of this master might be multiplied to any extent in this particular department; but we will content ourselves with another instance of his skill, in the scenic arrangements for the spectacle of Calandra, a drama written by the Cardinal di Barbiera, and performed before Leo X. He painted two scenic decorations which were surprisingly beautiful, and opened the way to those of a similar kind, which have been made in our day. To quote literally from Vasari, as we have heretofore done in substance: "It appears to me difficult even to imagine how the artist has found it possible, within the closely limited space to which he was re-

stricted, to exhibit such a variety of objects as he has depicted, such a number of streets, palaces, loggie and fanciful erections of all kinds, with cornices and ornaments of every sort so perfectly represented that they do not look like things feigned, but are as the living reality; neither does the piazza, which is the site of all these edifices, appear to be, as it is, a narrow space merely painted, but looks entirely real, and of noble extent."

We pass next to Guido Ubaldi, who published his work at Pesaro in 1600. He established the principles of this science on a basis which left little to be done by Dr. Brook Taylor, the first Englishman who wrote scientifically on this subject.

This distinguished scholar was born at Edmonton, in Middlesex, in 1685. He became an early proficient in music, and was also skillful with the pencil. While in college he applied himself with great assiduity to mathematical studies, and at an early period of his life wrote several scientific works, and among them his celebrated treatise on perspective. It was deemed, however, too abstruse for ordinary use, but the difficulty was obviated by a work entitled "Dr. Brook Taylor's Perspective made Easy," by Joshua Kirby.

From the humble condition of a house-painter Kirby raised himself, by his talents and industry, to a respectable rank among the artists of his day.

Since this time treatises on perspective have been more numerous than students. A familiar work, however, by Charles Hayter, in a dialogue form, is worthy to be mentioned, as presenting the science in a clear, concise, and intelligible form, and being introduced by a system of practical geometry, affords all the information on this subject necessary for a working knowledge.

We cannot close this sketch, or compilation rather, without alluding to one in our day who was justly celebrated for his ability, both as a teacher of drawing in all its branches, but more particularly as a master of perspective,

The name of John Rubens Smith will be familiar to many who will bear willing testimony to the skill and capacity he displayed as a teacher. Mr. Smith was never a popular man. To a natural eccentricity of character he added what sometimes appeared a certain snappishness of manner, but which, truly interpreted, was an unmitigated contempt for the false and shallow in Art, and a thorough hatred of those impositions which teachers are sometimes called upon by pupils to practice on their parents.

He never could tolerate the idea of "pretty pictures," and the young ladies who entered at his rooms for the purpose of taking home their teachers' work instead of their own, were made to understand in no gentle terms, the wrong to themselves, to their friends, as well as to the Art they hoped to excel in. At some future time we hope to do more ample justice to the memory of one who was suffered to pass away unnoticed and unhonored.

He constructed a series of models, plans and illustrations, which he termed a perspective machine. He made use of this in lecturing to his classes, and was enabled to explain the intricacies of the science by many an ingenious and novel device. Buildings, transparent planes, points of sight, rays of light, were all accurately represented

to the comprehension of the most ordinary mind.

This work of his patience and skill now lies hidden away in some store-house, because those who knew its value and were ready to purchase it could not sufficiently cheapen it to become its owner.

It is to be hoped that there are many teachers with us possessing the talent of this lamented man. Those who were his pupils are better able than others to teach as he taught, and we doubt not there is more than one in our midst who is worthy to follow in his steps.

M. B. MAURICE

The Poetry of Architecture; or the Architecture of the Nations of Europe, considered in its Association with Natural Scenery and National Character. By JOHN RUSKIN.

No. 8.—THE VILLA.

1.—THE MOUNTAIN VILLA.—LAGO DI COMO.

In all arts or sciences, before we can determine what is just and beautiful in a group, we must ascertain what is desirable in the parts which compose it, separately considered; and therefore it will be most advantageous, in the present case, to keep out of the village and the city, until we have searched hill and dale for examples of isolated buildings. This mode of considering the subject is also agreeable to the feelings, as the transition from the higher orders of solitary edifices, to groups of associated edifices, is not so sudden or startling, as that from nature's most humble peace, to man's most turbulent pride. We have contemplated the rural dwelling of the peasant; let us next consider the ruralized domicile of the gentleman; and here, as before, we shall first determine what is theoretically beautiful, and then observe how far our expectations are fulfilled in individual buildings. Man, the peasant, is a being of more marked national character, than man, the educated and refined. For, nationality is founded, in a degree, on prejudices and feelings inculcated and aroused in youth, which grow inveterate in the mind as long as its views are confined to the place of its birth; its ideas moulded by the customs of its country, and its conversation limited to a circle composed of individuals of habits and feelings like its own; but which are gradually softened down and eradicated, when the mind is led into general views of things, when it is guided by reflection instead of habit, and has begun to lay aside opinions contracted under the influence of association and prepossession, substituting in their room philosophical deductions from the calm contemplation of the various tempers, and thoughts, and customs, of mankind. The love of its country will remain with undiminished strength in the cultivated mind; but the national modes of thinking will vanish from the disciplined intellect. Now, as it is only by these mannerisms of thought that architecture is effected, we shall find that, the more polished the mind of its designer, the less national will be the building; for its architect will be led away by a search after a model of ideal beauty, and will not be involuntarily guided by deep-rooted feelings, governing irresistibly his heart and hand. He will, therefore, be in perpetual danger of forgetting the neces-

sary unison of scene and climate; and, following up the chase of the ideal, will neglect the beauty of the natural; an error which he could not commit, were he less general in his views; for, then the prejudices to which he would be subject, would be as truly in unison with the objects which created them, as answering notes with the chords which awaken them. We must not, therefore, be surprised if buildings, bearing the impress of the exercise of fine thought and high talent in their design, should yet offend us by perpetual discords with scene and climate; and if, therefore, we sometimes derive less instruction, and less pleasure, from the columnar portico of the Palace, than from the latched door of the Cottage.

Again: man, in his hours of relaxation, when he is engaged in the pursuit of mere pleasure, is less national than when he is under the influence of any of the more violent feelings which agitate every-day life. The reason of this may at first appear somewhat obscure, but it will become evident on a little reflection. Aristotle's definition of pleasure, perhaps the best ever given, is, "an agitation, and settling of the spirit into its own proper nature;" similar, by the by, to the giving liberty of motion to the molecules of a mineral, followed by their crystallization, into their own proper form. Now, this "proper nature" is not the acquired national habit, but the common and universal constitution of the human soul. This constitution is kept under by the feelings which prompt to action, for those feelings depend upon parts of character, or of prejudice, which are peculiar to individuals, or to nations; and the pleasure which all men seek, is a kind of partial casting away of these more active feelings, to return to the calm and unchanging constitution of mind which is the same in all. We shall, therefore, find that man, in the business of his life, in religion, war, or ambition, is national; but in relaxation, he manifests a nature common to every individual of his race. A Turk, for instances, and an English farmer, smoking their evening pipes, differ only in so much as the one has a mouth-piece of amber, and the other, one of sealing-wax; the one has a turban on his head, and the other a night-cap; they are the same in feeling, and to all intents and purposes the same men. But a Turkish janissary and an English grenadier differ widely in all their modes of thinking, feeling, and acting; they are strictly national. So, again, a Tyrolean evening dance, though the costume, and the step, and the music, may be different, is the same in feeling, as that of the Parisian guinguette; but, follow the Tyrolese into their temples, and their deep devotion, and beautiful, though superstitious reverence, will be found very different from any feeling exhibited during a mass in Notre Dame. This being the case, it is a direct consequence, that we shall find much nationality in the Church, or the Fortress, or in any building devoted to the purposes of active life, but very little in that which is dedicated exclusively to relaxation, the Villa.

We shall be compelled to seek out nations of very strong feeling and imaginative disposition, or we shall find no correspondence whatever, between their character, and that of their buildings devoted to plea-

sure. In our own country, for instance, there is not the slightest. Beginning at the head of Windermere, and running down its border for about six miles, there are six important gentlemen's seats, villas they may be called, the first of which is a square white mass, decorated with pilasters of no order, let in a green avenue, sloping down to the water; the second is an imitation, we suppose, of something possessing theoretical existence in Switzerland, with sharp gable ends, and wooden flourishes turning the corners, set on a little dumpy mound, with a slate wall running all around it, glittering with iron pyrites; the third is a blue dark-looking box, squared up into a group of straggling larches, with a bog in front of it; the fourth is a cream-colored domicile, in a large park, rather quiet and unaffected, the best of the four, though that is not saying much; the fifth is an old fashioned thing, formal, and narrow-windowed, yet grey in its tone, and quiet, and not to be maligned; and the sixth is a nondescript, circular, putty-colored habitation, with a leaden dome on the top of it. If however, instead of taking Windermere, we trace the shore of Lago di Como, we shall find some expression and nationality, and there, therefore, we will go, to return, however, to England, where we have obtained some *data* by which to judge of her more fortunate edifice. We notice the Mountain villa first, for two reasons; because effect is always more considered in its erection, than when it is to be situated in a less interesting country, and because the effect desired is very rarely given, there being far greater difficulties to contend with. But one word more, before setting off for the South. Though, as we saw before, the gentleman has less *national* character than the boor, his *individual* character is more marked, especially in its finer features, which are clearly and perfectly developed by education; consequently, when the inhabitant of the villa has had anything to do with its erection, we might expect to find indications of individual and peculiar feelings, which it would be most interesting to follow out. But this is no part of our present task; at some future period we hope to give a series of essays on the habitations of the most distinguished men of Europe, showing how the alterations which they directed, and the expression which they bestowed, corresponded with the turn of their emotions, and leading intellectual faculties; but at present we have to deal only with generalities; we have to ascertain, not what will be pleasing to a single mind, but what will afford gratification to every eye possessing a certain degree of experience, and every mind endowed with a certain degree of taste. Without further preface, therefore, let us endeavor to ascertain what would be theoretically beautiful, on the shore, or among the scenery of the Larian Lake, preparatory to a sketch of the general features of those villas which exist there, in too great a multitude to admit, on our part, of much individual detail. For the general tone of the scenery, we may refer to the paper on the Italian cottage; for the shores of the Lake of Como have generally the character there described, with a little more cheerfulness, and a little less elevation, but aided by great variety of form. They are not quite so rich in vegetation, as the plains; both because the

soil is scanty, there being, of course, no decomposition going on among the rocks of black marble which form the greater part of the shore; and because the mountains rise steeply from the water, leaving only a narrow zone at their bases in the climate of Italy. In that zone, however, the olive grows in great luxuriance, with the cypress, orange, aloe, myrtle, and vine, the latter always trellised. Now, as to the situation of the cottage, we have already seen that great humility was necessary, both in the building and its site, to prevent it from offending us by an apparent struggle with forces, compared with which its strength was dust; but we cannot have this humility in the villa, the dwelling of wealth and power, and yet we must not, any more, suggest the idea of its resisting natural influences under which the pyramids could not abide. The only way of solving the difficulty is, to select such sites as shall seem to have been set aside by nature as places of rest, as points of calm and enduring beauty, ordained to sit and smile in their glory of quietness, while the avalanche brands the mountain top, and the torrent desolates the valley; yet so preserved, not by shelter amidst violence, but by being placed wholly out of the influence of violence. For in this they must differ from the site of the cottage, that the peasant may seek for protection under some low rock or in some narrow dell, but the villa must have a domain to itself, at once conspicuous, beautiful, and calm.

(To be Continued.)

VERSES ON THE SALE OF AN ARTIST'S EFFECTS
AFTER HIS PRETENDED DECEASE.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

Milo, an artist of some name,
Enjoy'd a starving kind of fame;
That is, he painted passing well
Fine landscapes, which he could not sell;
Yet none knew better how to catch a grace
From Nature's unsophisticated face.

Meantime his pictures, one and all,
Clung, as if wedded, to his wall:
Was it because, in love with Art,
He and his works could never part?
Or why did Milo's genius fail to thrive?
Why, but because poor Milo was alive?

He saw collectors of vertu
Buy daubings Poussin never drew;
He heard the amateurs applaud
Vile copies, father'd upon Claude:
"If thus" he cried, "they patronize the dead,
I too must die to give my children bread."

It is resolved: "This moment send
For honest Dismal—he's my friend;
Order my coffin, toll the bell,
Let all the parish hear my knell:
Art's noble patrons, who refused to save
My life, will page my body to the grave."

'Tis done—he dies—and all deplore
The first of painters, now no more;
Even Fly-flap snivels, till he's told
That Milo's pictures will be sold—
For he can prove, by demonstration plain,
That men, when dead, will never paint again.

And now what wonders greet his eyes,
What trees, what water, and what skies;
Loud praises circle through the room
(For merit ripens in the tomb),
When soon behold the mighty Puffer stand
High in his tub, with hammer in his hand.